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THE
DIABOLIAD.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

THE
DIABOLICAL

OF
DIABOLICAL
WORKS

HIS

TO REIGN

L O N D O N
Printed for G. Kearsley, No. 46, Fleet-street.

MDCCLXXVII.

Poeta

Gal 9 Te

T H E

K
D I A B O L I A D,

A

P O E M.

DEDICATED TO THE
W O R S T M A N
I N
HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH LARGE ADDITIONS.

TO REIGN IS WORTH AMBITION, THO' IN HELL!—

MILTON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street.

MDCLXXVII. [1777]

THE

DIABOLIA

BY
P. O. F.

W. O. R.

W. O. R.

A NEW EDITION

WITH

TO BE

FOR

OF

THE

OF

DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST MAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being acquainted with your Lordship; and as I do not wish there should be any attempt to violate my property, to estrange the affections of my wife, to seduce my daughter, or corrupt my son; it is a matter of real satisfaction to me, that I have not formed any connections with you.

To address you, my Lord, in the name you derived from your Ancestors, would be treating you in common with those who have no titles to distinguish
a. them

them from the herd of ordinary men. The most eminent Bards, Orators, Philosophers, and Statesmen, have felt greater delight, and received an higher fame from titles characteristic of their excellence, than imperial favour could bestow. Does not Mr. *Garrick's* character, my Lord, derive an honour from the application of those titles he so well deserves, the *Reformer of the Stage*, the *Great Theatrical Example*, the *British Actor*, &c. &c. with which his particular name has no more to do, than any other which has been used for the purposes of social distinction? If I were to quote to your Lordship an opinion of *Solomon's*, you might, perhaps, imagine him to be a Jew-broker, a near relation, a familiar servant, or a Character in a Comedy; but when I mention a saying of the *Wise Man*, your Lordship will immediately perceive, by this distinguishing characteristic appellation, that I mean no less a personage than *the King of Israel*. How faint does *General, Sir Jeffery*, or even *Lord Amherst* sound, when compared with the *Conqueror of America*! And how insipid is the title of *General, Sir William*, or even *Lord Howe*, on a comparison with the *Re-conquerors of it*,—should the wishes of Great Britain be completed!

Cicero and many others among the Antients owed their names to some personal peculiarity or defect, and the misfortune of bandy legs gave a well-known title to one of our own Monarchs. I do not know, my Lord, that Nature has been guilty of any inattention to your form; and if she had, it would not have concerned me, who look to the mind as the best source of name and title. Though, if I had time, and it were to the purpose, we might find it matter of curious speculation to enquire, why the poorest and most ignoble man on earth, if capricious Nature has placed a hunch upon his back, should be honoured with the same title as your Lordship, and without the formalities of a Royal Patent.

But to proceed.—The bulk of mankind, who are incapable of nice observation, and to whom, if they were capable, it would be useless, look not to the more intermediate state of human character; but, passing at once to the extremes, fix their attention on the Best and Worst of Men. Your Lordship need not, therefore, be afraid, that you will escape that celebrity which I mean to bestow

bestow by this Dedication. However, not to omit any thing which may produce your conviction, I shall beg leave, my Lord, to acquaint you, that many years ago, when mankind in general were not so enlightened and informed, more particularly with respect to character, as they are at present, a Letter was published, addressed *To the Most Impudent Man Living*; a title far more vague and indeterminate than that which I have done myself the honour of giving to your Lordship. Nevertheless, the public eye immediately discovered to whom this poor performance, for it was a very poor one, was addressed, though he was sheltered, where one would think impudence could not find a shelter, in the bosom of the Church.

There are many in the world, who think the perfection of their abilities to consist in making their vices the means of attracting the notice of mankind. Your Lordship's own heart will tell you, that you are one of the number; and surely you will think all further reasoning on this subject nugatory and impertinent, when I assure you, my Lord, that your success has been equal to your wishes.

However, if you are not convinced by my arguments; and the propriety of that title which my pen has bestowed upon you should be a matter of doubt in your Lordship's breast; will you, my Lord, do me the favour to travel a few lines farther, and hear my excuses for the liberty I have taken? You will therefore pardon me, if I am now obliged to turn from so important an object as Lord ———, to so inconsiderable an Individual as myself.

I was not born to refine and polish my own Compositions! The long habit of making rapid sketches of men and things, has rendered me wholly incapable of filling up an Outline with those effectual masses of light and shade, and that happy, harmonious mixture of colours, which distinguish the work of judicious application. I know, my Lord, that I am a careless Writer: The inaccuracies of this Address, and the pages which succeed it, will, I fear, fully prove my assertion. Nevertheless I feel a self-complacency resulting from this performance, unlaboured as it may be, which I am sure your Lordship would wish me to possess as my solace and my reward. This satisfaction,

tion, therefore, I cannot suffer to be diminished, nor my allowable vanity to be mortified, by prefixing a name to my work which is to be continually seen in the annual pages of the *blushing* Register, and which you never suffer ~~to be erased from the Journals of your Tradesmen.~~

I am, my Lord, with due respect,

Your Lordship's sincere Friend,

THE

T

T H E

D I A B O L I A D.

T H E DEVIL, grown old, was anxious to prepare

A fit Successor for the Infernal Chair.

At length he summon'd forth his Chosen Band ;

And thus the Monarch gave his last command :

“ Expand your fable wings, and speed to Earth !

“ To every Knave of Power, and Imp of Birth,

B

“ Statef-

" Statesmen and Peers, these welcome tidings tell,

" That I resolve to quit the Throne of HELL:

" But, ere I cease to reign, 'twill be my care

" From my dear Children to elect an Heir.

" For this important end, I now proclaim,

" And swear by SATAN's high and mighty name,

" That ere the posting Sun's resplendent ray

" Dawns on the Upper World another day,

" With all terrific pomp, I will appear

" On the dark, ebon Throne of HELL, to hear

" The Claimants of its honours each display

" Their titles—to my proud, imperial sway.

" This purpose let my favourite Mortals know,

" And give them convoy to my realms below."

They heard, and instant soar'd upon the wind;

The infernal Regions soon were left behind.

By whirlwinds borne, they urge the rapid flight,

Till, gently fluttering round the giddy height

Of PAUL's black, footy Dome, they unobserv'd alight.

In strict Obedience to their King's command
 The human shape assum'd, along the STRAND
 They bend their course, to where the *Scaffold* stood
 That whilom smok'd with streams of royal blood;
 And where, I trust, if Tyrant Kings succeed
 To spurn our sacred Laws,—those Kings shall bleed.

Here they disperse:—Some take their fav'rite way
 To those fam'd mansions—where the Sons of Play
 By trick and rapine share a base reward;
 Shake the false dye, and pack the ready card:
 In solemn tone their errand they proclaim,
 Their high commission, and their Sovereign's name.

With joy and wonder struck, the Parties rise!
 “Hell is worth trying for,” *** cries;
 Pigeons are left unpluck'd, the game unplay'd,
 And F—— forgets the certain Bett he made;
 E'en S--l--n feels Ambition fire his breast,
 And leaves, half-told, the fabricated Jest.

Well-

Well-pleas'd, th' Infernal Ministers resume
Their real forms, and through the midnight gloom,
On wide-stretch'd wings, the eager Claimants bore
To the dank darkness of the Stygian shore.
The rest of Hell's industrious Band resort
To the corrupted Purlieu of the Court;
To lure the Statesman from his deep-laid scheme,
To wake the Courtier from his golden dream,
And make the C—b—l—n desire to hold
Hell's weighty Sceptre,—for 'tis made of gold.
Sure he'd resign for such a tempting fee!
Hell's Sceptre far outweighs the Golden Key!
But cautious * * shrinks, when risks are run,
And leaves such Honors for his ELDEST SON.

Now prowling onwards to the noisome caves
Where PROSTITUTION rules her needy slaves,
They tempt the Lordling, by Ambition's charms,
From the rank pleasures of a Harlot's arms;

Then,

THE DIABOLIAD.

Then, with the Mortal Croud, they bend their flight
To the dark realms of everlasting Night.

Lords of the Chamber,—Ministers of State,
With Sons of Lords, and Hirelings of the Great :

Men whom the Villain only loves, the Worthy hate ;
Follow'd by Pimps, Bawds, Parasites and Whores,
In crouds, approach'd Hell's adamantine doors.

As they came onward, MERCURY the gay *
With lively greetings met them on the way ;
He was the brisk Sir *Clement Cottrell* of the day.

The

* If the Orthodox Critic should here observe, that I have thrown a slight upon his Devil, by introducing so great an Heathen as *Mercury* to his employment, he will discover, when he lowers his eyes to this part of the page, that I have made the observation before him.—But if, according to some of the antient Christian Fathers, his *Satanic Majesty* was supposed, for his own private ends, to concern himself with the Heathen Oracles, Sybils and Pythoneses, I may, surely, under their respectable authority, make him have occasional recourse to another of the same family, without the least degradation. Besides, I had not one of the Rabbinical Writers within my reach, while I was writing this Poem, to give me the name of SATAN's Gentleman-Usher : so that, to save myself trouble, which I at all times hate and detest, I borrowed an acquaintance from the

The winged God thrice wav'd his magic wand!
 The massive doors acknowledg'd his command;
 And, to the Claimants wond'ring Eyes display'd
 SATAN, in all his gloomy pomp array'd.
 High, in his throne, on golden columns rear'd,
 The venerable King of HELL appear'd.
 In his right hand a weighty mace he bore,
 And on his brow a regal crown he wore,
 Begirt around with spiral flames, which shed
 A silver lustre o'er his aged head.
 Beneath the Throne, arrang'd in order sat
 The long-establish'd Council of the State.
 In every hand the flaming torches wave,
 And cast their splendor through th' imperial cave.

Grecian Poets.—Again, if my Critic will but consider of whom the troop consisted which received safe conduct from this winged guide, he must esteem *Mercury*, who is, (Heathenly speaking) the presiding Genius of rogues, sharpers, &c. as properly introduced to be their conductor.—And as an Orthodox Critic must consider all such in the light of Heathens, my application to the Pagan Mythology will not appear so *mal-à-propos* as he at first imagined.

“ High

High in the vault the fiery Dragons shone,
And Monsters, whose dire shape was never known
To mortal fantasy,—when, Reason flown,
Fear fills the mind with spectres of her own.
With flaky flames the distant region glow'd,
Whose angry light, in all their horrors shew'd
Those fields of fire where guilty Spirits dwell,
And in loud, ceaseless shrieks their anguish tell,
Nor respite know :—Hope cannot enter there,
To calm their sorrows or to soothe despair.

With horrid clangor now the clarion sounds;
Through the dark dome the jarring thunder bounds.
Then rose the King ;—and all th' Infernal Crowd
With threefold reverence to their Monarch bow'd.
Throughout the Court the expecting murmur ran,
But soon was hush'd ;—when SATAN thus began.

“ Thousands of years have pass'd since, first, I fell
“ Into the deep abyss of flaming HELL ;

“ And

T H E D I A B O L I A D. T

" And many an age since my Almighty Foe
 " Gave me dominion in these realms below.
 " Ambition's Slave, from Heaven I was hur'd
 " Down to the depths of this Infernal World.
 " Tho' Heaven was lost, Ambition still possess'd
 " Its darling Empire in my haughty breast.
 " My Tribes, with fruitless expectation cheer'd,
 " And Patriot zeal, this gloomy Palace rear'd,—
 " Here fix'd my Throne,—here form'd my awful state,
 " And to my will resign'd their future fate.
 " But, cloy'd with power, my Ambition's o'er;
 " The boasted charms of Empire are no more!
 " Hear then, my Children, hear your Sire declare,
 " Of HELL's dominions he shall be the Heir,
 " Whose past life bore the most obdurate crimes;
 " Who gave new vigour to degenerate times;
 " False to his God, who every Law defy'd;
 " Thief, Traitor, Hypocrite and Parricide;
 " Let him who claims these Titles as his own,
 " Come forward, prove his claim,—and take the Crown."

The

The Monarch ceas'd — — — foremost stood;
And wav'd his hand to hush the murmuring croud.
Then graceful bow'd around ; but, ere he spoke,
SATAN again the awful silence broke :

“ Well-meaning Youth ! thy great and noble aim
“ Deserves remembrance in the rolls of Fame !
“ But know, for to thyself 'tis yet unknown,
“ These Characters of Ill thou canst not own.
“ Within the deep recesses of thy breast
“ The pregnant seeds of many a virtue rest.
“ Now baneful passions do their place supply,
“ And check their progress to maturity.
“ The feverish ardor of disastrous Game
“ Burns with a furious, unrelenting flame ;
“ And daily seeks to quench its parching thirst
“ By deeds esteem'd the noblest and the first
“ In HELL's black Calendar.—The foul design
“ To make another's wealth, by treachery, thine ;

D

“ To

" To charm, with pleasing arts, the artless Heir
 " To call thee friend,—then lay th' unerring snare,
 " Pocket his fleeting gold—and leave him to despair.
 " But I, who every distant Age can see,
 " Whose keen look kens the vast Futurity,
 " Ill-pleas'd thy alter'd character behold,
 " No more by hungry Appetites controll'd ;
 " From every hateful vice and passion free,
 " Lov'd by the Gods above,—and lost to me !
 " Farewell!—Thy well-meant efforts will be vain !
 " Cherubs attend to bear thee back again !"

In order due, VOLPONE next appear'd ;
 Loose was his hair, unhaven was his beard :
 O'er his whole face was spread a yellow hue,
 Borrow'd, perhaps, from some relenting Jew
 Not anxious to be paid.—Gold he had none ;
 Th inverted pocket told that all was gone.

But ere he made his claim to Hell's rewards,
His right hand wav'd aloft the fatal Cards.

Then, smiling, thus he spoke :—" All-gracious Power !

" Who from my natal to the present hour,

" Didst o'er my life, with fostering care, preside,

" My Friend, my Guardian, and my faithful Guide !

" How weak the task my actions to review !

" You know them all, dread Sir, they sprung from You !

" And now, I trust, 'tis You alone suggest

" The great, determin'd purpose of my breast,

" To try my chance, at this important hour,

" And *stake my Soul* against your sov'reign power—

" Who wins have both."—" Thy soul's already mine,"

SATAN replied :—" And I this day assign

" Thy earthly duty.—Hence, begone, to bait,

" With mastiff zeal,—a Minister of State."

Poor ——— dismiss'd, next comes a noble Peer :

Grooms, Pimps, and Link-boys, give the triple cheer.

But

His

His right hand bore a Horse-shoe and a Bit ;
 His left, a Book by *Angeloni* writ ;
 To whose fair pages—anxious after fame,
 His Lordship ventur'd to prefix his name.
 A Wife complain'd that matrimonial dues
 Were nightly wasted in the wanton stews ;
 A Friend lamented how he was beguil'd,
 And mourn'd a ruin'd and forsaken Child ;
 While two attendant Parsons boldly swore,
 They never wanted—but he paid the Whore :
 Then loud proclaim'd his knowledge in the wiles
 Of drabby *Drury* and of low *St. Giles*.
 E'en Saint-like *GODBY* blasts her eyes, and swears,
 * * 's the most abandon'd of his Peers *.

His

* This noble person, verging to that time of life when he may say of the Brothels,
 “ I myself have no pleasure in them,” is fond of introducing Gentlemen of the Black
 Cloth and Character into these places, where he enjoys the contemplation of their
 pleasures, and pays for them.—Mrs. *Godby*'s piety suffers very much upon these occa-
 sions, and can only be equalled by his L * * 's refinement, which is so universally
 known, that I expect every day to hear of its being snug in a proverb.

It

His Vouchers done, with simper on his cheek
He silent stood ;—for * * cannot speak ;
When the sage Council, with one voice, declare—
“ Rough-riders would disgrace *a regal Chair.*”

Without one Virtue that can grace a name ;
Without one Vice that e'er exalts to Fame ;
The despicable * * next appears,
His bosom panting with its usual fears :
He strives in vain,—and fruitless proves the art,
To hide, with vacant smile, the treacherous heart.
The faithful HARRY * stands not by his side,
His learned Counsel, and his constant guide ;

Who

It is not impossible that the scene of the two M——ly ——ts, Father and Son, may be acted over again and again, when a certain young Nobleman returns from his travels.

Godby's Nocturnals, p. 116.

N. B. The manuscript from which this last note is taken, will make its appearance in due time, and unfold some transactions which the world little thinks of.

* This young Nobleman's character is, in every respect, a striking contrast to his —— ; but the following Anecdote will give a very strong explanation of my idea concerning him.—When Mr. C—— F—— proposed him to be elected into one of the fashionable clubs, he was almost universally black-balled. Mr. F——, who at that

E

time

Who for an hard-earn'd, narrow competence,
 Supplies his tongue with words, his head with sense;
 At length, recovered from his huge affright,
 He, stammering, reads the Speech he did not write:

“Curst with hereditary love of self;
 “I hate all human beings but myself;
 “Cross and perplex my wife, because she prov'd,
 “Poor girl!—not rich enough to be belov'd.

time had great interest there, was much surprised that his friend should be thus rejected: But as he concluded, and not without reason, that the universal disgust in which the family of his Friend was held had prevented his success, he proposed him again, with a declaration, on his honour, that Mr. * * had not one quality in common with any of his family. The event justified Mr. F——'s penetration, on the second Ballot not a single black-ball appeared against his friend.——This Anecdote has been asserted to me as a fact: But be that as it may, the principle of it is founded in truth, and serves the purpose of doing justice to a most amiable Character, whose great merit the Author of these pages, who sincerely loves him, is glad to attest.

† It is not uncommon for an avaricious Father to saddle a younger Brother for a maintenance on the elder, especially if he has a place. And if the latter should possess an hereditary baseness, he will carry on the spirit of *conditionalizing*, and insist that the former shall, in return, give him the use of his understanding. It too often happens that elder brothers want spirit and understanding, and that younger ones who have both in an eminent degree, stand in need of a provision. It is hard that Worth and Genius should be so situated! but this is among the fore evils under the Sun!

“But

" But all return my hate now where'er I go,

" My coward eye beholds a ready foe

" And tho' to Earth's extremes my feet I bend,

" These arms would ne'er embrace a real friend.

" When my breast throbs with unrelenting grief,

" No friendly Spirits bring the kind relief.

" If I sink down beneath oppressing pain,

" Surrounding foes rejoice as I complain.

" I'm scoff'd by those, who from my hand have prov'd

" That kindness which would make *another* lov'd ;

" Men, who to other Patrons bend their knee,

" Are proud of their Ingratitude to me.

" Thus, without Friends on earth, I humbly sue

" To find, my gracious Liege, a Friend in you.

" *Hated by all*,—I'm fit to be allied

" To your Imperial State !"——The King replied :

" If vacant smiles and hypocritic air

" Could form pretensions to this sov'reign Chair ;

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

"

" If my pale Crown by *meanness* could be won,
 " Who has so fair a claim as * * 's Son ?
 " But meanness is a vice which Devils disdain !
 " Should'st thou attempt, base Mortal, here to reign,
 " To wield this Sceptre,—and to wear my Crown,
 " Th' infernal Host will rise to cast thee down,
 " With furious zeal, where outcast Spirits lie,
 " In the dark dens of gnashing Infamy.
 " Such minds as thine,—Observe the truth I tell !
 " *Find neither Friends on Earth,—nor Friends in Hell.*"
 Appall'd the hapless Lordling sneak'd away,
 And harpies hiss'd him to the realms of Day *.

The

* Several of my friends who were kind enough to approve, and, indeed, enforce the publication of this little Work, seem'd to think that I had frustrated my intention of marking the insignificance of this Character, by giving so many lines to the delineation of it. But as the bold strokes are more easily imitated than the finer pencillings of nature, those colourless bad qualities which have not sufficient strength or spirit to rise into daring, manly vice, require a great length of description to impress them properly on the attention of the Reader. Indeed, it is my serious opinion, that this man's life would be a profitable lesson to the world, to prove, that *meanness* of *spirit*, though unaccompanied by any bold, open violations of virtue, will ever be more contemptible, obnoxious, and distressing, than any of those public vices which are seldom wholly unconnected

The murmurs hush'd,—the Herald straight proclaim'd

S---L---N the witty next in order nam'd.

But He was gone to hear the dismal yells

Of tortur'd Ghosts and suffering Criminals.

Tho' summon'd thrice, he chose not to return,

Charm'd to behold the crackling Culprits burn.

connected with some sort of principle, and often originate from the same source with many virtues. The ebullitions of youth, the spur of necessity, the prevalence of example may hurry to enormities. In these cases, however, the cause is not always difficult to be removed, and frequently removes itself. The effects will then cease, and honour and virtue return.

But a mean spirit, as in this example, is a low, sneaking, base, fixed propensity to what is bad, which it loves; and yet is compelled by its fears to assume the semblance of good, which it hates. It is wholly incorrigible, and attends the Character it has once possessed through every degree of station and of life; and is very seldom or never known to rise into momentary courage or spirit; unless suicide, to which it has sometimes applied for a dismissal from universal contempt, may be considered as an example of them.

But this subject, which I have already extended beyond the limits of a note, shall be considered in a separate publication, illustrated and proved by anecdotes of the Character before me when he was at School, the University, in France, Ireland, Warwickshire, and London; as a School-boy, a Collegian, a Traveller, a Secretary, a Militia-commander, a Husband, and so on to the present times,—with collateral relations.

F

With

With GEORGE, all know Ambition must give place,
When there's an *Execution* in the case *.

And now a noisy, drunken Crew appear,
Who on their shoulders jocund * * bear,

* I would not be guilty of injustice to any Character. *George* does not want humanity! nay, he has an uncommon portion of this virtue: it extends even to the *gallows*; and is well known to have bedewed his cheeks with tears at the lamentable fate of that *pious personage*, commonly called, *Sixteen-String Jack*. And I may venture to assert, that he never saw a man hang'd in his life but, when the *sport was over*, he would have been really happy to have restored him to life. It requires a kind of knowledge which everybody does not possess, to reconcile the apparent contradictions in the human character. However, I shall not, at present, enter further upon the subject than to observe, that there are certain propensities in the mind, which, being long indulged, become irresistible, and stand between Men and their best interests. All the World knows that Mr. S — is attached to gaming, and that when he games, he wishes to win. And there are many will tell you, that this love of play, when it has taken root, becomes the leading, if not the sole, propensity of the human breast. But in the Character before me, there is an evident example of two leading propensities in the same mind, which, upon certain occasions, form a spirit of accommodation, and blend with each other. This very Gentleman, though he had made a very considerable bett that he should not be at a certain execution, was, notwithstanding, discovered to be actually present at the *spectacle*, dressed like an old woman, in a joseph and bonnet, and seated on horseback, &c. &c. This is a twofold irresistible propensity! Nevertheless, *George* is a man of humanity.

And

And *blushing* too ;—tho' Bacchus midnight dye
Veils the suffusion of his modesty.

Inflam'd with wine, and reeling in their dance,
With Bacchanalian carrol they advance.

An ivy Chaplet on his head he wears ;
His willing hand the massy Goblet bears :

But as the trembling cup he frequent sips,
Th' ungrateful Claret oozes from his lips.

In larger streams it soon begins to flow,
With copious dashings, on his friends below.

Returning loud acclaim, the laughing Crowd
Haste to set down their Honourable load.

On the firm rock they plac'd the dripping chair,
When, lo ! the Hero 'gan to slumber there.

Thrice rous'd, he opes his eyes, and, half awake,
He boldly hiccups—but he cannot speak.

A dewy torpor o'er his senses creeps ;
Again he belches, snorts, and grunts, and sleeps.

Now

Now 'mid the Council, rose a Stygian Peer,
 A more malignant Spirit was not there!
 The haughty brow and angry look he wore,
 Which, upon earth, the *ducal* B**D bore:
 And with impatient air he thus express'd
 The secret counsels of his troubled breast.

" 'Twould ill become me, my all-sov'reign Power,
 " In this dread place, and at this awful hour,
 " From my infernal nature to depart,
 " And own the feelings of a grateful heart,
 " But that I mean those feelings to belye,
 " And dash their pow'rs with hellish enmity.
 " —To me the drowsy Claimant has been known
 " Full many a year:—Nor do I blush to own
 " His faithful service and his pliant soul
 " So fitly moulded to my proud controul,
 " My base behests he never disobey'd,
 " And what I bid him say, he always said.

With

- " With smutty tales his barren wit he stor'd,
 " To be the *Momus* of my frugal Board.
 " When at my back the angry Lash was thrown,
 " He fav'd me,—and receiv'd it on his own *.
 " By these, and many kindred deeds, he prov'd
 " My trusty Slave,—and was by me belov'd.
 " At length, I rais'd him from his low estate,
 " To give him place among the rich and great †:
 " And now, possess'd of the World's wary sense,
 " *With ev'ry privilege of Impudence,*
 " He speaks alike his Hatred and his Love,
 " And guides my Factions in the Realm above.
 " There, my all-gracious Liege, Oh let him dwell,
 " To form new subjects for the KING of HELL!"

* The correction which the late Duke of B——, and a noble Earl now living, deservedly received some years ago on the Course at Litchfield, with the interposition of this modest person, and his subsequent elevations,—are they not written in the Book of the *Chronicles of the House of B——*?

† The fate of Nations, as well as of Men, has been often said to hang by a very slender thread: but this man, I believe, is the first whose unexpected fortunes may be literally traced to the *lash of an horse-whip*.

He ceas'd—and strait the Bacchanalian Crew
Uprear'd their sleeping Hero,—and withdrew.

With easy, measur'd steps, lo ! * appears,
And strives to hide the waste of wrinkling years.
Time had long wash'd the bloom from off his face,
But the enliv'ning Rouge supplies its place.
Through the large circle of near half an Age
This Lord has strutted on the public stage,
The foppish Prince of Fops, the *Macaroni* Sage.
But, charm'd with trifles, pleas'd with every toy,
Still he is young,—if *Folly makes the Boy*.
The verdant Ribbon grac'd his silken vest,
The Star's pale silver glitter'd on his breast ;
While, to a nearer ken, his wrinkles shew
The furrow'd emblems of *the batter'd Beau*.
At fam'd *Newmarket* he was taught to cheat,
To league with Grooms and frame th' unerring Bett ;
Here learn'd the Jockey's art—and, what is worse,—
Practis'd the Jockey's arts upon the Course.

But

But now the *wiser* Youth despise his aid
 In the stale Stable Tricks or Gambling Trade;
 And since each mushroom Fopling doth excel
 His *vet'ran* taste,—the Peer,—Oh strange to tell!
 Burns with the proud desire to give the *Ton to Hell*.
 But ah!—no sweets perfume the murky air,
 Nor does the AGUJARY warble there.
 Sulphureous flames dispense their odours round,
 And fiery caves emit their dismal sound;
 Blue vapours flash, and every moment shed
 Disaster on his *well-appointed* Head:
 Bleak, rapid winds, with furious blast, unfurl
 The various foldings of the frizzled Curl:
 The poisonous mildews his fair Hair assail,
 And the rent Ribbon flutters in the gale.
 —The affrighted Peer both pray'd and swore in vain,
 'Till an *hysteric* eas'd him of his pain.

His bosom burning with the active flame
 Of proud Ambition, *MACAGRIDA* came;

Nor

Nor came alone ; crowds his arrival grace,
 Wits out of bread, and Statesmen out of place :
 B * * the brave, and P * * the *Divine*,
 Attend to aid their Patron's great design ;
 With Soldier's sword, and Presbyterian cant,
 Together forming the *Church militant*.
 —Becloak'd in black, beneath the sable cloud
 Of a broad beaver, subtle *Foigard* stood,
 And seem'd to muse ; while the bold Son of War
 Shew'd his rough face, and pointed to the scar.
 With these supports, the modest Peer preferr'd
 His claim, which SATAN with attention heard,

“ Let others, of their varied vices vain,
 “ Boast their delight in ill, and high disdain
 “ Of virtuous deeds : Let them, with flippant tongue,
 “ Declare how great their skill in doing wrong :
 “ Let them their frauds, their burning mischiefs tell,
 “ And thus make out their claim to rule in HELL :
 “ I shall, great Sir, by your dread leave, pursue
 “ A better way, and more approv'd by you.

“ From

- “ From me you shall not hear the idle praise
 “ Of folly practis’d in my boyish days.
 “ I will not trouble the Infernal Peers
 “ With the long story of my riper years ;
 “ But, in plain, artless words, at once declare,
 “ If I’m appointed to your Sov’reign Chair,
 “ What acts of wisdom shall adorn my reign,
 “ What new decretals will my power sustain ;
 “ What schemes, what great designs, I shall propose,
 “ To aid the friends of HELL, and spoil her foes ;
 “ Whom, in my Sovereign will, I shall create
 “ The Delegates of my Infernal State,
 “ Whose sage and sober Councils may attend
 “ Their Master’s summons, and his power befriend.
 “ Dread King ! behold them here ! On Earth they prov’d
 “ True to my interests, and their worth I lov’d.
 “ This sage, grave Doctor, now no more *divine* *,
 “ Reflecting that ’twas folly to confine

* If a Clergyman throws aside the pastoral duties of his profession, the sacred character is, in fact, deserted, though the title and external appearance may be preserved.

- “ His roving genius, on the wing to fly
“ Above the dull track of Divinity,
“ Threw off the Pastor's mean, ungrateful charge,
“ Where'er his fancy led, to roam at large,
“ And, fed by me, with easy smiles, deny
“ Th' imputed guilt of foul Hypocrisy.
“ Mysterious Nature hath to him display'd
“ Full many a wonder that, for ages laid
“ In her dark store-house, shunn'd th' exploring eye
“ Of studious Art and pale Philosophy.
“ Here, in these dread abodes, his soul aspires
“ To shew his skill, and curb your raging fires
“ With strong *electric power*, or dispel
“ These noisome vapours from the caves of HELL.
“ He can to every task his wits apply,
“ Blest with a happy versatility.
“ Now deep immers'd in Philosophic lore,
“ And now the fate of Nations he'll explore ;

“ Or,

“ Or, if ’twould answer any *good* * design,
 “ Science and Politics he would resign,
 “ And slide once more into the dull Divine.
 “ But here’s my Soldier, and my soul’s delight,
 “ As great in Oratory as in Fight;
 “ Whose steady service has long won my love;
 “ My faithful Echo in the world above †.
 “ With help-mates such as these, I shall maintain
 “ A fair dominion and a prosperous reign.”

“ Their steady faith”——SATAN, in haste, reply’d,
 “ Within these awful realms shall ne’er be try’d;
 “ Nor shall my solid Kingdom suffer wrong
 “ From the soft falsehoods of thy subtle tongue.
 “ Celestial Virtue made the fix’d decree
 “ Which marks the limits of my royalty.

* There is scarce a word in the English Vocabulary which is more variously applied than this. On the present occasion, the Reader is at liberty to use it in that sense which will be most satisfactory to himself.

† In a former age, great men had their *fools*; but times and manners are changed: now they have their ORATORS.

“ The

" The Laws of HELL unalter'd must remain
 " 'Till Heaven, that form'd, dissolves the triple chain
 " Of stubborn Fate, scarce knowing how to bend
 " Beneath that Power on whom its years depend ;
 " Who gave it being,—and will appoint its end.
 " Shall puny Legislators then, whose breath
 " Just makes a transient life, then sinks in death ;
 " Whose fickle Laws now strengthen, now pull down
 " The tottering fabric of an Earthly Crown ;
 " Whose highest virtues and whose noblest rage
 " Scarce claim remembrance through a fleeting age ;
 " Shall such as these, grown insolent and vain
 " From Party-praises and the flattering strain
 " Of needy Sycophants—shall such pretend
 " Our Statutes and appointed Laws to mend ?
 " Perish the thought !—and know,—presumptuous Lord !
 " To your proposals HELL will ne'er accord !
 " In distant climes, beyond th' Atlantic Seas,
 " Your words would give delight,—your project please.
 " There, fann'd by me, lewd Faction's quick'ning flame
 " Inspires my duteous Children to defame

" Those

" Those laws of Freedom which so long have stood,
 " Fix'd in the cement of *Britannia's* blood.
 " There, by subverting Delegates display
 " The madding pride of Democratic sway.
 " There, fond of spoil and eager to undo,
 " How happy they—to find a Friend in you!
 " Haste then,—away!—America explore!
 " *Rebellion* woos you to her *Northern Shore!*"

Then in succession came a Peer of words,
 Well known,—and *honour'd* in the *House of Lords*,
 Whose Eloquence all Parallel defies!
 So SANDWICH says, and SANDWICH never lies.
 No doubt, the partial Earl delights to see,
 In this young Lord, his own Epitome.
 Behind him came, in Regimental drest,
 The brazen *Gorget* hanging on his breast,
 Th' obsequious Cousin, ready to obey,
 Whate'er might be the business of the day.

L

With

With solemn look the conscious Peer began

Thus to address the *Military Man* :

- “ Friend, Coufin, Pimp, or by whatever name
“ You would be *blasted* by the trump of Fame,
“ Approach, and lend me now unusual aid !
“ You, my brave Soldier, never are afraid,
“ But when the critic brows of Ladies frown :
“ With thy assistance, I shall mount the Throne ;
“ And then, to thee, my Coz, these Powers shall bend,
“ Their Monarch’s favourite Counsellor and Friend.

- “ Oft at thy curious vice I’ve stood amaz’d,
“ While *half-fledg’d Subalterns*, with wonder, gaz’d.
“ Of you, their sage *Lieutenant, Ensigns* learn
“ The weakness of all Virtue to discern !
“ You fill their brains with Honour and Renown ;
“ And teach them how to live—*upon the Town* ;
“ To whore, to bully, to blaspheme, to game,
“ To scorn the boyish blush and honest shame ;

“ And

“ And having vers’d them in each common evil,
 “ Lead them to Masques to personate the Devil;
 “ Their grateful Parents will your pains requite,
 “ And fill the Boxes on an Author’s Night.

“ ’Twas you unlock’d a pious Parent’s doors
 “ For Pandars, Gamesters, Whores, and Sons of Whores;
 “ And with uncommon filial duty blest,
 “ Sent her from Hell on earth, in Heaven to rest.

“ But to my purpose.—In the World above,
 “ Bound by resembling characters and love,
 “ We liv’d together, and together stray’d
 “ In Vice’s public walk and secret shade.
 “ I found thee apt in every artful wile,
 “ Proud to defame, and eager to beguile.
 “ Whene’er I figh’d to practise a Deceit,
 “ In thee, my Coz, I found the ready Cheat.
 “ Whene’er I wanted Falsehood to supply
 “ The place of Truth,—you found the ready Lie.

“ When,

" When, to give spirit to some tedious hour,
 " I wish'd to see the Pedant Parson lower,
 " To make the Simple stare, the Virtuous sigh,—
 " Your tongue pour'd forth the ready Blasphemy:
 " But now the scene is chang'd; that farce is o'er,
 " And e'en your Falsehood will assist no more.
 " Start not at what I say,—well-temper'd Youth!
 " Be not alarm'd,—you now must speak the truth.
 " Look not so pale, 'twill suit your nature well;
 " You *ly'd on earth*, and you *speak truth in Hell*."

This cheer'd him much, and made his cheeks to glow,
 And sav'd his bosom from the threat'ning woe;
 Which when his Lordship saw, in haughty tone
 He thus laid claim to the Infernal Throne:

" Is there a guilty deed I have not done?
 " What say you, Coz?" The Captain answer'd, " None!"
 " Have I not whor'd myself, and made thee whore?
 " Confirm it with an oath!"—The Captain swore.

" Have:

" Have I not acted every Villain's part ?

" Have I not broke a Noble Parent's heart ?

" By deeds of ill have I not seem'd to live ?"

The Captain gave a bold affirmative.

" Do I not daily boast, how I betray'd

" The tender Widow, and the virtuous Maid ?

" These serious crimes you know, and many more :

" Swear, Sir !" — By *Ninus' Queen* the Captain swore !

(The Queen who lur'd him to disgrace his cloth,

And gave him bread, now serv'd him for an oath).

But as he spoke, there issued from the crowd,

* * the base, the cruel, and the proud ;

And eager cried, " I boast superior claim

" To HELL's dark Throne, and * * is my name.

" What, shall that stripling Lord contend with me ?

" I have four Sons as old and bad as he !

" Whate'er he swears, I'll swear—he says, I'll say !

" And look, All-gracious King, *my hairs are grey !*"

K

Th'

Th' astonish'd Demons on each other gaz'd,
 And SATAN's self sat silent and amaz'd;
 Revolving, in his dubious mind, the state
 And crimes of each aspiring Candidate;
 When clanking chains and doleful shrieks were heard,
 And injur'd * * 's raving Ghost appear'd *:
 His bosom heav'd with many a torturing sigh,
 And bloody streams gush'd forth from either eye.
 With piteous look he did a Tale unfold,
 Black with such horrid deeds, that, being told,
 HELL's craggy vaults with Acclamations ring,
 And joyful shouts of ———— " * * shall be King!"

* See the *Letters of Junius*, where that able Writer has observed, with his usual spirit and good sense, upon this guilty transaction. *Junius* felt for human nature, and would not suffer his pen to trace all the particulars of it. To degrade the Criminal, they should be remembered; but for the sake of humanity, they had better be forgotten.

F I N I S.